



**A Hard-Working Woman.**  
All day she hurried to get through. The same as lots of women do. Sometimes at night her husband said: "Ma, ain't you goin' to come to bed?" An' then she'd kinder give a hitch. An' pause half-way to a hitch. An' sorter sigh, an' say that she was ready as she'd ever be. She reckoned. An' so the years went, one by one: An' somehow she was never done! An' when the angel said as how "Mrs. Smith, it's time you rested now," She sorter raised her eyes to look. As a soul as a stitch she took. "All right, I'm comin' now," says she. "I'm ready as I'll ever be, I reckon."

**Mrs. Cleveland's Betrothal Ring.**  
"Now that it is settled that Mrs. Cleveland will return to reside over the White House, all incidents of her life are of interest," says Kate Field's Washington. "It is not generally known that her engagement ring was not the valuable diamond which Mr. Cleveland presented to her upon her return from Europe a few days before her marriage. Before her departure with her mother upon the European journey the President-elect visited New York for the purpose of saying farewell to his fiancée. It was then decided to keep the engagement from the public until her return, when almost simultaneously with the announcement would come the marriage. It was Mrs. Cleveland's wish that no regular engagement ring should be given until that time, as during her trip abroad she preferred to wear a seal ring which had belonged to her father, and upon his death had been given to his most intimate friend, Mr. Cleveland. This plan was accordingly carried out, and until her return to New York the President's wife had never worn a diamond ring. The first one she possessed set with this stone was given her immediately upon landing from the steamer by a cousin living in New York, who hurried down to Tiffany's and purchased the small diamond star which Mrs. Cleveland generally wears upon her little finger."

**A Naughty Little King.**  
If all the stories are true which are told about the little King of Spain he must be a very willful little boy. One day recently Alfonso and his governess were out driving, when suddenly the governess noticed that the little King was not acknowledging the salutes of his subjects. "I am too tired to bow to them," he exclaimed, pettishly, "and I am not going to do it." "You must acknowledge their salutes," insisted the governess, "because you are their King, and it is one of the customs for a King to bow to his subjects." "I shall not bow to them!" exclaimed Alfonso, loudly. "Then you cannot drive in the carriage with me," replied the governess, kindly, but firmly, for she feared that Alfonso would offend his subjects. "Then you may get out and walk!" exclaimed the naughty little King. Then, calling to the coachman, he cried: "Halt, Carlo! This lady wishes to go on foot."

**For Future Profit.**  
Do all women find a little time each day for reading something good? By good is meant broadening. Ten minutes a day make hours in a year, and it means growth of the mind that keeps a woman young. Youth means more than the absence of years. It means living in the present and keeping abreast of the times. Women need to do this. It is a duty owed to themselves and their families, and she who buries herself in cooking, frills and fables commits a sin. Only that which we assimilate as part of the mind is eternal, and it is the only treasure we carry into that beyond that awaits us all. All other things are but the frame; the real, the priceless, is that which becomes a part of us, a poem to-day over which we think, a sentence to-morrow which makes duty clearer, a little here and there, and our minds are growing richer, our lives are broadening and helping others to reach out for the best.

**Queen of All Puddings.**  
One pint of bread crumbs, one cup of sugar, one ounce of butter, one quart of milk, four eggs, juice and rind of one lemon. Soak the crumbs in the milk for a half hour. Beat the yolks and sugar together until light; then add them to the crumbs and milk; mix and add the lemon. Pour into the pudding dish and bake in a moderate oven a half hour. Whip the whites of the eggs until frothy; add to them four teaspoonfuls of powdered sugar and beat until very stiff. When the pudding is done put over the top layer of the whites, then a layer of fruit jelly, then another layer of whites and put back in the oven a moment to brown. Serve cold with cream sauce. This will serve eight persons.

**Dainty Friends.**  
It is well to remember that the conservation or dissipation of nervous force is partly within our own control. There are certain persons, for instance, who are veritable parasites upon their friends. They come to you repeatedly with the same tale of physical suffer-

ing or domestic trials, and make such constant demands upon your sympathy that you experience a distinct sense of exhaustion and depression. Physicians testify to many a case of nervous prostration due to this very cause.

**Food for School Children.**  
The school year has commenced again, and the variety of ill which usually develop through the different terms may be looked for in the children—the cause of which will have very little to do with either confinement of school hours, or the amount of study done, to which they are so commonly attributed.

A judicious mother will see that her children have three meals of plain food, with plenty of fruit and cereals, and little or no cake, pastry, candy, tea or coffee.

There should be sufficient healthful out-door exercise to create a demand for food. No uneasiness need be felt, if, occasionally, the appetite is not what it should be, and no coaxing it with sweets should be attempted.

If the school session is long, a simple lunch should be taken to eat there, especially if a long, cold car ride is necessary to reach home.

Physicians say that there is nothing more injurious to the health of young pupils than a walk or ride in the cold with an empty stomach, after an exhausting morning in the warm air of the school-room.

**Now or Never.**  
There is hardly anything so bad that a wise person cannot get some good out of it. Indeed, it is one of the principal marks of a philosopher that he reaps an advantage even from misfortune.

A little Boston girl, according to the Herald, had for some time wanted a dog. Finally she was taken very ill with pneumonia. One day, when she had begun to get better, she told her mother how very much she wanted a dog, and begged her to ask grandpa to buy her one.

Mamma answered that grandpa did not like dogs, and probably would not be willing to buy one. Then, seeing the little invalid look sadly disappointed, she said:

"Wait till you get well, my dear, then we will see."

"Oh, no," answered the child, whose few years had taught her a little wisdom, "the sicker I am the more likely he will be to buy it for me."

**Domestic Don'ts.**  
Don't forget that the patient little woman you call your wife was once your sweetheart. A caress now and then or a tender word costs so little and means so much to the woman of your choice.

Don't forget that the sunny side of a woman's nature cannot outlive coldness, indifference and neglect.

Don't take it for granted that if your wife wants a little change she will ask for it.

Don't meddle in the affairs of the house. The man who gives out of the week's wash and counts the cost of every household move is an unmitigated nuisance.

Don't make a bolt from your 8 o'clock dinner table to your club and leave the poor soul, who would like to enjoy your society, to the horrors of an evening alone. Remember that the tenderest mother and the most untiring housekeeper would enjoy an occasional change from nursery and home duties.

**These Dumplings.**  
"These apple dumplings of yours, Lobelia," said Mr. McSwat, heartily, "in their way are a little ahead of anything I've seen. You have no objection to my putting one of them in my pocket and taking it down to the office, have you?"

"Certainly not, Billiger," replied Mrs. McSwat; "I am glad they pleased you, dear."

"Now, then," muttered Mr. McSwat, savagely, as he walked down-town with his hand in his right overcoat pocket. "I'd just like to see that everlasting crooked-looking, snub-nosed dog in the next block run out and snap at me again!"

**A Lesson in Street Cleaning.**  
A well-known woman in New Orleans was seen the other day in a public thoroughfare scraping up bits of broken pottery and gently chaffed about having joined the rag-pickers' brigade.

"No," she answered brightly, "I am just giving my neighbor a lesson. This glass was dumped into the street by my neighbor, who evidently had no idea that she may cripple a dozen horses, to say nothing of rendering our pretty block hideous. I only hope she will see me."

## The Sandycroft Mystery.

BY T. W. SPEIGHT.

### CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

I watch the newspapers from day to day, but so far, to no purpose. Now and then I light on a brief paragraph to the effect that the supposed murderer of Captain Darvill is still at large, although the police continue indefatigable in their efforts to effect his capture. And that is all. Time merely serves to deepen the mystery.

May 9.—From the window of my sitting-room I can see over the crowns of the trees the spire of the church within whose precincts my husband lies buried. I often sit and look at it for an hour at a time. Why do I do this? Because my heart still clings to the memory of the man who met his death at my hand. Do I regret the deed? No—a hundred times I should assuredly do the same again. For such treachery as his but one penalty was met. All the same, as it was my curse and misfortune to be under the compulsion of loving him while alive, so does it seem to be my fate to have no option save to cling to and cherish his memory now that he is dead.

May 17.—I have already recorded how, on the morning Colonel Bernage visited me, I saw my husband's face peering at me over his shoulder. Last evening he appeared to me again.

It was after the shutters had been closed. I was sitting in the lamp-light room trying to fix my attention on a novel when, happening to look up, I saw him there, sitting opposite to me.

The figure sat facing me, staring full at me, its eyes wide open, glassy, unblinking—the eyes of a dead man with no speculation or purpose in them. The lips were a bluish purple, the tightly-drawn skin over the forehead looked like parchment, the cheeks were sunken, and the face was as that of one who might have been a month or more in his grave. The mouth was twisted into that sneer which I remembered so well—which lifted one corner of the lip and moustache, and left visible one sharp, white, wolfish-looking tooth. It was that Viv used to look when in his more evil moods. Immovable sat the figure, each dead-white hand grasping an arm of the chair.

Rising, I crossed the hearth and deliberately sat down in the chair opposite. The moment I had done so I saw the figure had seated itself in the chair I had just vacated. After staring at each other for a few seconds I rose and went back to my first seat. The phantom did the same.

Then I rang for Paquita. "I feel lonely," I said to her as she entered the room. "Sit there"—indicating the chair on which the figure was seated—"and keep me company awhile."

As she sat down the figure slipped out of the chair and gliding round the table and so behind my chair, passed out of my range of vision. That it was there behind me I was presently made conscious of by an indescribable sensation—a sort of local prickling of the nerves as though thousands of tiny needle-points were puncturing me at the same moment. I gripped one hand hard with the other and set my teeth and gave no sign.

Paquita had brought her embroidery and while deftly plying her needle she began to talk of Rio and many things which had happened there in bygone days. I paid small heed to her chatter, oppressed as I was by a slowly growing horror, which I was powerless to throw off, of the presence which I knew to be standing close behind me. Suddenly Paquita let her work drop and sprang to her feet. She read the question in my eyes which my lips refused to put.

"Oh, madam," she cried, "I felt sure that I saw a hand stretched over the back of your chair, grasping you by the shoulder, but the moment I got up it was gone, and of course my eyes must have deceived me."

I had not seen the hand, but had felt it gripping my shoulder with cruel fingers till I could have screamed with agony.

For the first time in my life I faint.

The continuation of Mrs. Darvill's diary was little more than a record of the recurring appearances to her of her husband, the details of which varied in slight particulars only from the instances already given. As time went on the appearances became more frequent, till at length a day, or rather a night, seldom passed without a visit from the ghastly intruder. Despite the steel-like quality of her nerves and her utter scepticism as to the origin and nature of the apparition, both appetite and sleep began to fall, and as her bodily health declined so did the gruesome offspring of her imagination haunt her more persistently. For years he had been in the habit of seeking relief from pain in narcotics and now she clung to them more than ever. Day by day the shadows deepened and the end of the tragedy—for tragedy it undoubtedly was—grew nearer. Her diary contained no entry for three weeks before the last sad scene of all, whether the overdose of the narcotic from the effects of which she died was due to accident or design is a point as to which she alone could enlighten us.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

#### "I Wish It."

Two months had passed since the receipt by Colonel Bernage of certain excerpts from the diary of the late Mrs. Darvill.

It was one of those balmy days in mid-autumn which are among the sweetest of the year. Luncheon was just over and those who had partaken

of it had strolled out on the sunny terrace, where they made up a little family group consisting of the two brothers, Ivor Penleath Mrs. Aspin, and Mrs. Bosworth. A photographer from Sherrisford was expected in the course of a few minutes who would doubtless group them afresh and in accordance with his own ideas of how they would "come out" most effectively in the sun picture he had been commissioned to take.

But the party on the terrace was not complete, for Enio and Roden had wandered off down one of the winding shrubby walks and were nowhere to be seen.

At length the last shreds of the black cloud which for so long a time had lowed over the old house and those connected with it had lifted and vanished. To more than one of those assembled there-to-day was as it were, the beginning of a new life. Only yesterday had Roden Bosworth come back to Sandycroft a free man, stainless in name and reputation.

Our two young people had found a seat under a spreading beech, where the birds alone could hear what they might have to say to each other.

"Yes, my mind is made up," said Roden, as if in continuation of something that had gone before, "and my mother agrees with me that it would be best so. She and I will go and live abroad for, at least, three or four years to come. We shall find some quiet nook in France or Italy where I shall be able to settle down seriously to my work and try to recover the headway I have lost of late."

"And you purpose doing all this," exclaimed Enio, "without even asking him whether he approves of it or not? Oh, Roden!"

"I have had no opportunity yet of speaking to Colonel Bernage about it, but I hope to be able to do so before the day is out. I trust that neither he nor you will think me ungrateful for the thousand benefits I have received at his hands, if when I speak to him of my intention I do not say, 'Shall this thing be?'—but, 'It must be.'"

"And pray, sir, why must it be?" demanded Enio, her bosom beginning to rise and fall a little more quickly than usual.

He had been gazing straight before him, but now he turned and bent his eyes full on hers. She was very pale, and her teeth were fixed in her under lip, but her eyes met his undimly.

"If you cannot guess, it is not for me to enlighten you," he answered in a low voice, and with that he turned away again.

"It may be that I can guess," she answered in a voice that was hardly more than a whisper. If he heard the words he gave no sign that he had done so. In the silence that followed, a robin's song came to them clear and sweet from a near-at-hand thorn.

"Oh, how proud he is!" murmured Enio to herself. "Why will he not speak? Has he no eyes to see?" One of her feet tapped the ground impatiently.

Drawing a deep breath, she said with slow deliberate emphasis: "Roden Bosworth, you shall not go abroad."

He started and bent his eyes on her again. Her pallor had vanished; a lovely flush had usurped its place.

"How!—not go?" he stammered. "I do not understand you."

"You shall not go abroad. You shall stay in England."

"But why must I stay in England?" Enio he asked, drawing an inch or two nearer her as though a light were beginning to dawn upon him.

"Why?—because—I wish it."

Something flashed from her eyes to his.

"Enio!"

Next instant she was in his arms. Her first words after a lapse of shall we say, five minutes, were: "I will never, never forgive you for having made me propose to you, instead of your doing it yourself, as anyone else in your place would have done."

"I am prepared to run the risk of that," was the cool rejoinder. "But what on earth will you say to the colonel—for it is you who will have to face him. I dare not."

"What shall I say to Uncle Godfrey and Uncle Alwyn?" she demanded with a heavenly smile—"why, simply what I said to you: 'I wish it.'"

### THE END.

#### An Oddity in Eggs.

Some silkworms lay from 1,000 to 2,000 eggs the wasp 3,000, the ant from 3,000 to 5,000. The number of eggs laid by the queen bee has long been in dispute. Burmeister says from 5,000 to 6,000, but Spence and Kirby both go him several better, each declaring that the queen of average fertility will lay not less than 43,000, and probably as high as 50,000 in one season. Termites fatalia, the white ant, is possessed of the most extraordinary egg-laying propensities of any known creature; she often produces 86,400 eggs in a single day! From the time when the white ant begins to lay until the egg-laying season—usually reckoned by entomologists as an exact lunar month—she produces 2,504,000 eggs! In point of fecundity the white ant exceeds all other creatures.

#### Inventions of Women.

There are many women registered at the patent office in Washington as inventors. Their inventions range from pillow lace to locomotive appliances, though they have been especially successful in devising ice cream freezers and sewing machine attachments.

#### With Which to Go Fishing.

Earth worms six feet long are found in Gippsland, Victoria. They live in burrows on the sloping side of creeks and are the largest variety found in the world. It must be a burly bird which picks up the worm in Gippsland.

### SCRAPS OF SCIENCE.

**At a chrysanthemum show at Dallas, Ore., 400 varieties of that plant are said to have been exhibited.**

**All green vegetables growing above ground should be cooked in salt water. Those growing below ground in fresh water.**

**The first aluminum microscope, weighing one-third as much as a brass microscope, has been exhibited to the royal microscopical society.**

**"Gilsenite," a variety of mineral wax, contains 60 per cent of carbon or asphalt in its pure form. The Utah vein is three feet wide and a mile in length.**

**It has been discovered that the Congo river is 1,433 feet deep at its mouth. The mouth of the Mississippi has a depth of 33 feet and the Thames of 40 feet.**

**The scientific commission appointed for the purpose of selecting a site for a new capital for Brazil, includes five civil engineers, two astronomers, a naturalist and an expert in hygiene.**

**One of the largest manufacturers of microscopes in Germany has made an instrument for measuring the curves of lenses which is of such delicacy that it will indicate the 1-250th of an inch.**

**It is somewhat singular that, notwithstanding the great advances made in chemistry and metallurgy, no other more satisfactory silver alloy has as yet been discovered for coining and other purposes than the alloy used 500 years ago.**

**First Boy, in art gallery—All these historical pictures is about foreign countries. Why don't the artists paint pictures of American history? Second Boy—I guess it's 'cause Americans always keep their clothes on.**

**"I say, Anna, my husband came home very late last night; can you tell me what time it was?" "Please, ma'am, I don't know exactly; but when I got up this morning master's topcoat was still swinging backwards and forwards on the peg."**

**The Roman cook book was "The Banquet of the Learned," by Athenaeus.**

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